

38 Brunswick Sq -

Oct 23. 1912.

My Violet,

When will the parents
cease? what other operation
of nature can you provide for?
Anyhow, we shall drink out
a few glasses to the end of
our lives, so long as we have
a table to stand them on.
They are perfect. It
this moment we are in the
way of our move to Clifford Inn.

I look forward to a week of
intense misery, two weeks
of profound discomfort,
& finally, about Christmas,
absolute happiness. Really

Our rooms are very nice —
there's a little patch of
green for my brats to
play in; & a porter
& a bedmaker, like a
Cambridge College. I suppose

you don't know of a bachelor wanting
Charming bed room & sitting room,
with service food coal & light for
£150 a year? We're

very anxious to let my rooms.
Leonard spends his afternoons at
the Grafton galleries, — I'm
writing hard.

I hope to see you — but
in the present state of
revolution don't see what to
suggest —
Yr Sp.

which is why I enclose this sheet

13,
Cliffords Inn,
Fleet Street,
E.C.

T.
Dec 11 1912

My Niece,

We were fearfully sorry to put off coming
last night. I had a headache & then
Leonard developed an attack of
malaria, & had to go to bed. It's
better today, but it's a beastly thing &
we were very sorry not to come.
I suppose you're going away directly.
But will you & Ozzie come & dine
with us at The Cock after Christmas. I'll
write later.

V. W.

NYPL

Ashham

Lawes.

24th Decr 1912

My Violet,

I think Rena is better - though she
never seems to have got rid of the
effect that miscarriage, & I don't see
how she's ever going to in the
midst of all the rush at Gordon
Square. They're coming down
here for some time after Christmas.
I suppose it will be better than London,
but I wish she could have a month
somewhere by herself without children or
servants. She's ~~has~~^{had} a good many
broken this winter, besides any amount
of exhibitions & art.

We're here for Christmas.

We shall be back in a few days -
Is it really possible to be inoculated
for malaria? It would be well
worth doing. Leonard hasn't heard of it.
At this moment it's raining hard, but
we are very happy here - I think it
best in winter. In fact I think it
would be nice to have an ever closer in
a great box in London, a fern into a
kind of muddy fernip roof, with
Mr. Funnell to talk to. My
husband wants to buy 2 cows, & 20
hens, which supplied with an cock
would give ^{us} ~~up~~ ⁱⁿ the eggs & fowl, -
the cows would give milk & butter.
Eventually, from the butter, we should
create a pig; & then rent a little
shooting. Do you keep wild stock or any

Kind, & apt the Virgin Gout?

Do you know a young man wanting a Secretary?
The Grafton, Mark God, is over: artists are
an abominable race. The furious excitement
of these people all the winter over their
pieces of canvas coloured green & blue, is
odious. Roger is now turning them upon
chairs & tables: there's to be a shop & a
warehouse next month.

Y^r V. W.

Please come & see us in London - with
new suite straight.

T. 1

ASHEHAM HOUSE,
RODMELL,
LEWES.

Friday, April 11th 1913.

My Violet,

I was very glad to hear from you,
but you really must buy some great sheets
like this to accommodate your lean long
hand, it parsimony is to live on ink.
We come up to London this day, & wish
you would ask us to tea, but I suppose you
are now settled in at the Wood.

Perhaps you will invite us for 3 hours
there. We shall live here more or
less this summer, but spend one out
of 3 weeks in London. We aren't
going to have a baby, but we want to
have one, a of months, or so is said
to be necessary first.

However, on the whole, in spite of rain,
there's nothing to miss as this place. We
are wrestling with the garden. It is
riddled with weeds, with roots a yard long,

& finally we've had to dig a vast ditch, fill
it with wood & straw, lay the earth on top,
& set fire, in the hope that the nettles
will be burnt out. After digging & fetching
for 6 hours, until we were rained sweat
& were the laughing stock of the Yaks,
we poured a can of paraffin on top &
set alight - when a storm burst, &
put the fire out, damped the earth, so
that we must now begin again. We're
also re-constructing the terrace & fighting
mole, rabbit & mysterious flower diseases,
which attack tulips so that they never
unfurl. You must come here, & give
advice. Will you? We want to
buy 2 horses. Can you recommend any?
Is there a hunting peeress of fair acquaintance
who would part with a thoroughbred in
condition we loved him? I only know
one huntress, & she is now incapable, owing
to marriage.

all the morning we write in the two separate

2

ASHEHAM HOUSE,

RODMELL,

LEWES.

rooms. Leonard is in the middle of a new novel; but
as the clock strikes twelve, he begins an
article upon Labour for some paper sheet, or
a review of French literature for the Times,
or a history of Co-operation. We saw
articles over the world - I'm writing a lot for
the Times too, reviews & articles & biographies of
Dead women - so we hope to make enough to
keep our horses. I've sent my book to
Gerald, but have heard nothing so far, & expect
to have it rejected - which may not be in
all ways a bad thing. We are
only waiting for £2,000 to start the best
magazine the world has ever seen. Everyone
agrees that it is the best idea in the world,
but also hints that they can't support
the bankrupt. Still, we go on looking up
to Heaven. We spent a

fortnight moving from factory to factory
in the North, getting as far as Glasgow.

& seeing every kind of horror & miracle. As you
can imagine, I don't follow these economic
questions very easily, but Leonard seems to
be able to read & write a talk to
enthusiasts without turning a hair. His
book seem to be a great success - the reviews
all compare him with Kipling - but I
can't see that he has the vanity of the
fine author - which is a serious danger
against his being so. I've never met a
writer who didn't possess an enormous
vanity, which at last made him
unapproachable like Meredith whose
letters I am reading - who seems to me as
hard as an old crab at the bottom of the sea.

Please write again. I suppose my

Character doesn't improve?

Aunt Minna arrived at Clifford's Inn in a
fly, & was unable to get out, so we
had to stand in the Strand for half an hour
with Angelo dressed up as a footman -

J. V. W.

Little Talland House,
Firle, Lewes,
Sussex.

May 2-1913

My Violet,

Many thanks for your scrap &
notepaper. Janet Cass who is
here has lent me her pen
to try, but it slobbers like a
week old baby.

Auntie was received with
pleasure by some, hatred by others.
It has won for me the friendship of a
fairway bitch in South Kensington
Edith Sichel, who is black to the
3rd finger joint in ink.

We're down here, but come
up for a few days, then return
to Newcastle on Tyne, to join
the Co-operative women. It
seems impossible to football
where life will take one.
Hena I believe has
come back, laden with work.

of indisputable genius brought off
peasants in the Ambrian mountains.
They are beginning to paint boxes &
arm chairs in Fitzroy Sq^r. Personally
I don't feel in Roger Fry the
inspiration of Morris, but no doubt I'm
wrong. Gerald has accepted my
book (I don't think he got through it) &
I'm now correcting proofs.

I shall suggest later that you should
come & stay with us.

We have bought a
Bloodmare, & I have a grey pony. So
we ride in the Downs.

2 V. 10
Last night our charwoman's daughter, aged
16, produced an illegitimate child without
warning.